

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 2 - VOL. XXI

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1859.

NO. 1044.

## MISTRUST;

OR,

BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

A FRUSTRATED ROMANCE.

(In Continuation.)

The chapel was crowded; and as he had lowered the visor of his casket, no one was disposed to make way for him; but within a few moments the principal entrance there was a lower door conducted to a gallery, the access of which was prohibited to all, except the members of the family of Frankheim. Too important to ask questions, which he dreaded to hear answered, Osbright without a moment's delay hastened towards the private door. It was not without difficulty, that he forced his way to it; but all present were too much engaged by the mournful business, which they had come thither to witness, to permit their attending to his motions, and he reached the gallery unquestioned and unobserved.

At a moment's notice, with every moment the conviction acquired more force, that the funeral he had toiled for some one of his family. His whole frame shook with alarm, as he set his eyes upon the aisle beneath. It was long and black throughout; but the blaze of innumerable torches dispelled the double gloom of night and of the sable hangings. The street of requiem still rose from the choir, where the nuns of St. Hildegard were stationed. The avenues to the aisle were thronged with the vassals of Frankheim; but the middle of the aisle was left free, for there and the choir actors in this mournful ceremony, and the crowd kept at a respectful distance. By the side of an open grave, which occupied the centre of the aisle, stood the Abbot of St. John's, the venerable Sylvester. His arms were extended over the grave, as if blessing on the already consecrated earth an additional benediction. An awe inspiring air of sanctity pervaded his tall thin figure; his eyes seemed to shine with a mild celestial brightness, when he raised them with all the fervor of enthusiasm towards heaven; but their fire was quenched by tears of pity, when he cast a glance of benevolence towards a sandy tomb of white marble, which rose upon his left hand. Against that tomb, (which was raised in honour of Ludslaus, the first Count of Frankheim, and which was exactly opposite to Osbright's retreat,) reclined the two chief mourners, a warrior and a lady; and the youth's heart felt itself relieved from a weight almost intolerable, when he recognized the beloved authors of his existence.

Now then he no longer trembled for the life of one of those parents, whose undeviating affection through the whole course of his existence had made them to justify dear to him. — For when then were they mourning? The boy must needs touch Osbright nearly, which could occasion such extreme affliction to his parents; and that their affliction was extreme it was not permitted him to cherish even a

doubt. The noble Magdalena stood with her hands clasped, her eyes raised to heaven, while unconscious tears coursed each other down her cheeks; motionless as a statue; pale as the marble tomb against which she was leaning; the very image of unutterable despair.

Wildly different was the expression produced by anguish upon the noble and strongly-marked features of Count Rudiger. His heart was the seat of agony; a thousand scorpions seemed every moment to pierce it with their poisonous stings; but not one tear forced itself in a his blood-shot eyes; not the slightest convulsion of his elastic limbs betrayed the violent tortures of his bosom. A gloom settled and profound reigned upon his dark and high-arched eye-brows. He bent his gaze immovably upon a bier, which stood between himself and Magdalena, and which supported a coffin richly adorned with the carvings of the house of Frankheim. He rested one hand on the coffin; his other hand grasped firmly the jewelled handle of his dagger. His glaring eyes were stretched widely, as if their strings were on the point of breaking; and the flames that blazed in them, were red and lurid. Disdain seemed to curl his lips, and expand his nostrils; an expression of restrained fury prevailed his whole deportment; and his resolute attitude, and something almost like a sullen smile which marked itself around his mouth, gave the prophetic assurance of revenge dreadfully satisfied. His long sable mantle was wrapped around his right arm; it had fallen from his left shoulder, and hung around him in loose drapery; while its folds rustled wildly in the night-wind, in which the tapers were flaring, and whose murmurs seemed to sigh for the deceased, when the nuns pausing in their mournful melody, permitted its hollow voice to be heard. With every fresh gust the white plumes, which decorated the four corners of the bier, waved themselves backwards and forwards with a melancholy motion; and then did the tears stream faster from Magdalena's eyes, to think that now nothing of motion remained to the being she had ever loved so fondly, except the waving plumes with which his bier was decorated.

And now the moment was come for depositing the coffin in the earth. The music ceased; a profound and awful silence reigned in the chapel, only interrupted by the loud sobbing of a young page, who had thrown himself on his knees, and who, by enveloping his head in his cloak, had endeavoured without success to prevent his grief from becoming audible. Though his face was thus concealed his light and graceful form, the long tresses of his dark golden hair which streamed in the night-wind, and still more the enthusiastic extravagance of his sorrow, left Osbright no doubt who was the mourner. It was the young Eugene, Count Rudiger's beloved, but unacknowledged offspring.

Four of the friars had now approached the bier; they raised the coffin in silence, and bore it towards the open grave. The heavy

sound of their departing footsteps roused Magdalena—she extended her arms towards the coffin, and started forwards a few paces, as if she wished to detain the bearers. But a moment's recollection was sufficient to make her feel the inequality of duty; and folding her arms across upon her bosom, she bowed her head in humble resignation. Her lord still remained without motion.

The coffin was lowered gently into the grave; it disappeared, and the attendants were on the point of covering it with the appointed marble, when Eugene uttered a loud shriek—

"Oh! not yet! not yet!" he cried, while he started from the ground, and, running forward, arrested the arm of one of the friars, who held the monumental stone. His eyes were swollen with weeping, his gestures were wild as a maniac's, and his voice was the very accent of despair.—"Oh! not yet!" he exclaimed;—"he was the only being in the world that really loved me! the slightest drop of blood in his veins was dearer to me, than those which warm my own heart! I cannot endure to part with him for ever! Oh! not yet, father! good father, not yet!"

The youth was now kneeling on the verge of the grave, and he bent down his head, and bathed the friar's feet with his tears in all the humility of supplication. As yet Magdalena had borne her sorrow like a heroine; but the unexpected shriek of Eugene, the heart-piercing, hopeless tone in which he pronounced the words, "for ever!" was more than her fortitude could bear. She uttered a deep sigh, and sank insensible into the arms of her attendants; while Rudiger, (upon the page's cry of agony had also roused from his gloomy meditations,) sprang forward with a furious look, and plunged into the grave!

With involuntary horror the friars started back, and then, as if changed to stone by a gorgon's head, they remained gazing upon the dreadful countenance which presented itself before them. Count Rudiger's stature was colossal; the grave in which he stood, scarcely rose above his knees. His eyes blazed; his mouth foamed—his coal-black hair stood erect, in which he twisted his hands, and tearing out whole handfuls by the roots, he strewed them on the coffin, which stood beside his feet.

"Rights! Rights!" he cried, while his thundering voice shook the vaults above him, and while he stamped upon the blood-soaked earth with impotent fury. "Rights Eugene! not yet! shall the earth cover the innocent victim of avarice! not yet! shall the lips of hell pronounce the last long farewell! not till I have sworn upon his coffin never to know rest till his death is avenged most amply! not till I have devoted to the demons of darkness the murderer and his accursed offspring! yes, yes! not him alone, but his whole serpent brood shall pay the penalty of his crime, his wife, his children, his servants, all! his vassals shall be hunted through his woods like wolves, slaughtered wherever found; his towers shall be wrapt by my hand in flames, and his shriek—

ing inmates hurled back in the burning ruins! you hear me, friends! you see the agony, which tortures my heart, and yet do I curse alone! and yet does no voice join mine in the vow of revenge!—May then, look here!—Observe this pallid face! observe this mangled bosom! look on these, look on these, and join with me in one dreadful irrevocable curse.—Vengeance! everlastingly vengeance on the bloody house of Orensberg!

As he said this, he violently forced open the coffin, tore from the shroud a lifeless body, and held it up to the gaze of the shuddering multitude around him. It was the corpse of a child apparently not more than nine years old, a large wound disfigured the ivory bosom, yet even in death the countenance was that of a sleeping angel. His eyes were closed. As Rudiger held it forth at his arm's length, the profusion of its light flaxen hair fell over the pale lovely features of the child—but Osbrough had already seen enough to confirm his worst suspicions. His brain whirled round, his sight grew dim, and he sank lifeless upon a bench which stood behind him. Yet as his eyes closed, and before his senses quite forsook him, he could hear the exasperated multitude answer his father's demand, by a general shout of—'Vengeance! everlastingly vengeance on the bloody house of Orensberg.'

(To be Continued.)

## ELEGANT AND MORAL.

Remember that the world in which we are placed is but the road to another, and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end.

The admiration of a beautiful woman, though the wife of one's nearest friend, may at first, perhaps, be innocent; but let us not flatter ourselves it will always remain so: desire is sure to succeed, and wishes, hopes, designs, with a long train of mischiefs, tread close at our heels.

There is nothing so apt to deceive us as our own hearts. You will never meet with a person that allows he is happy himself, and seldom meet with one who is not perfectly capable to teach you how you may be so.

To disappoint the trust of another, and to neglect our own promise and fidelity, for private purposes, adds faintness to cruelty.

Afflictions would not be so heavy, if they did not lay us open to uncharitable conceits. Persons are often thought ill of, because they are ill.

Though prudence, intrepidity, and perseverance united, are not exempted from the blows of adverse fortune, yet, in a long series of transactions, they usually rise superior to its power, and in the end, rarely fail of proving successful.

There is nothing capable of giving us so sensible a feeling for the miseries of others, as to have been in the same situation ourselves.

No motive can cause a good heart to repent that he hath done well.

## ANECDOTES

As a gentleman with his servant were, one frosty morning riding through a river together, the gentleman's horse tumbled and threw him in the water, and then fell a drinking, at which the servant laughed very heartily. 'Sirrah do you laugh at me?' 'No, Sir I don't laugh at you but I laugh to think that your horse cannot drink, without a toast this cold morning.'

One speaking of a very bad man just dead, concluded with 'Well, let us say no more about him, he is now dead, and at rest.'—'No, faith,' cried a by-stander, 'not at rest, unless the devil is dead too.'

Two persons distinguished by their excesses upon their backs, having accidentally came together in a public company, one of them turning round and rubbing his back against the others, exclaimed, with great humour, 'Who the devil will dare to say, in future, that mountains never meet?'

## BILL JONES!

### A TALE OF WONDER.

(CONCLUDED.)

'So he caused the cook to make water hot, And the corpse, both fresh and bones, (To see what fat Bill Jones had got,) The captain bailed in the negro-pot; But there wasn't much fat in Jones.

'If well his word the captain kept, Bill Jones kept his as well; For just at midnight, all who slept, With one consent from their hammocks leapt, Roused by a dreadful yell,

'Never was heard a more terrible sound! Fast to the deck we hied; And there by the moonbeam's light we found, The murdered man, in spite of his wound, Sitting close by the steersman's side,

'And from that hour among the rest, Bill served, nor left us more; With bloody trousers, bloody vest, And bloody shirt, and bloody breast, Still he stood our eyes before:

'And he'd clean the deck, or fill the pail, Or he'd work with a right good will, To stop a leak, or to drive a nail; But whenever the business was *Awake a sail*, Then specially ready was Bill.

'And to share in all things with the crew Did the spectre never miss; And when to the cook for his portion due Each sailor went, Bill Jones went too, And tendered his platter for *her*.

'His face looked pale, his limbs seemed weak; His footsteps fell so still, That to hear their sound you'd vainly seek; And to none of the crew did Bill ever speak, And none of us spoke to him.

'But when three weeks had crept away, Just as you now have heard, The captain came on deck one day— And quoth he, 'My lads, I've something to say: Bill Jones is as good as my word.'

'He never leaves the deck nor night! He haunts me, haunts me still! By the midnight lamp I see the sight, And when at morn the sky grows high The first sunbeam shows me Bill.

'At meals, his pale lips speak the grace, His cold hand gives the wine; At every hour, in every place, To which ever side I turn my face, Bill's eyes are fixed on mine!

'Now, lads, my resolution's made— One means will set me free, And Bill's pursuit for ever evade— He comes! I then away!' he said, And plunged into the sea.

'None moved a joint the watch to save! All stood with staring eyes! Each clasped his hands!—A gasp each gave! When, lo! on a sudden above the wave Once more did the captain rise.

'First and fearful was his eye, And pale as a corpse his brow, And we saw him clap his hands on high, And we heard him scream with a terrible cry— 'My God! Bill's with me as yet!

'Then down he sank through the foaming flood To Hell, that worst of havens!—Now Heaven preserve you, master good, From perilous rage, and from incipient blood, And from meeting with three ravens!

## THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

THOMAS resided in Bordeaux a young, rich and handsome widow, who had for six months incessantly lamented the loss of a husband tenderly beloved. A fatal storm had wrecked the vessel in which he embarked, and every soul on board was supposed to have perished. The young widow, though surrounded by admirers, observed very scrupulously the rules of decorum; at length, however, the persuasion of her friends had effect, and she once more threw open her doors to receive company. Madame St. Amere had one follower, she loved play to excess—and this habit alone threatened to involve her in much subsequent calamity. On the evening of her first fête, a tall graceful figure, wearing a mask, and paid her innumerable visits attentions. To rid herself of these importunities, she sat down to the card-table, and was successful for about an hour. The mask, who had fixed himself behind her chair, then solicited the favour of playing with her, which she granted, and renewed the game with fresh spirit, though not with equal good fortune. Madame was piqued at the superior skill of the important mask, and stated to an immense amount; still the masked stranger was so importunate, and pulling from his pocket a large piece of gold, twoingly dared her to risk the whole amount. 'A thought absolute ruin might have been the consequence of my importunity, Madame would not recede, but anxiety and vexation worked her towards, for some time the game was doubtful; at length the maskman deigns decided against her, and the rash widow let her fortune destroyed by one night's folly. After anguish could not be concealed, she rose abruptly from the card table, when the mask in an insinuating tone of voice, hinted to her that she need not put herself to any inconvenience to make up the debt of honour, as he could wait her house, or, on some pretext or other way, with more pleasure to himself, and less embarrassment to her. She started at him a look of rage and contempt. 'Who art thou, wretch,' she exclaimed, 'who dares thus to insult me in my own house?' 'Softly, madame,' replied the mask, 'I am no gambler, nor the adversary of your ladies; I am a man of business, and I am in search of an accommodation.' Madame burst into tears. 'Good heavens, must I endure this insolence!—quit my house, and if you are a gentleman, make good your claim to-morrow.' 'No, madame, I will not quit this house to night; my claim is on your fortune, or on yourself, and I will make it good, let who will dispute it.' With these words he removed his mask, when she uttered a shriek of joyful surprise, and fainted in his arms. The company crowded round; they were chiefly relatives who immediately recognized the Chevalier St. Amere. The rage of Madame may be easily imagined, when, on recovering, her husband informed her, that he had been saved from the wreck by a brave sailor, who had taken him into his own ship, which was bound to Peru; that he remained there till a convenient opportunity offered for his return; and having been fortunate enough to amass a considerable portion of wealth, had meditated this agreeable surprise, in the hope of curing her of a destructive habit, the consequences of which he had long dreaded. Madame embraced him with transport, and assured him she would never again yield to temptations, or continue a prey to which she now saw the madness in glaring colours. Having received the congratulations of their friends the amusements of the evening, which had been so strangely interrupted, were again renewed; and the adventure was for many months the talk throughout Bordeaux.

A good parson preaching upon the power of God, said he had created nothing but what was perfect in its kind. A lady had been long waiting for him at the door, said, 'Father, I thank you for your sermon, but do you really think that I, for instance, am perfect in my kind?' 'Yes,' said the father gravely, 'a very perfect hunch-back surely.'

THE late marriage of Mr. Linn with Miss Lamb, is a violation of Horace's rule in his art of Poetry.

'Never let discordant tempers be entwined'  
'Nor in Love's chapel dance with *Amor* joined.'

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1869.

The city inspector reports the death of 27 persons (of whom 10 were men, 7 women, 4 boys, and 16 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of casualties 2, cholera 1, consumption 6, debility 1, decay 1, drowned 1, nervous fever 2, putrefaction 1, scarlet fever 1, typhus fever 2, inflammation of the stomach 1, induration of the lungs 1, intemperance 1, old age 1, palsy 1, scurvy 1, still born 5, worms 1, and 5 of unknown cause.

The cause of casualty was, a man unknown, found on board a vessel in the East River, where he is believed to have perished with cold—and a boy, aged nine years, who, in attempting to cut an apple with a sharp pointed knife unfortunately ran it into his breast, in consequence of which he died within six hours after.

The Hon. De Witt Clinton has been reappointed Mayor of the city of New-York; Benjamin Ferris, Esq. Sheriff; and John Burger, Coroner, by the Council of Appointment.

The House of Mr. H. Caldwell, in Litchfield, N. Y., without valuable contents was destroyed by fire on the 4th inst. What is more distressing to the afflicted family, two of his youngest children perished in the flames. Three other children narrowly escaped. The parents were absent at the time on a visit.

Rice Jones, Esq., a member of the house of representatives of the Indiana Territory, was deliberately murdered in the streets of Louisville, on the 6th of December, by Dr. James Dunlap. Five hundred dollars are offered for the apprehending of Dunlap.

On Wednesday week, a number of sleighs were passing the North river opposite Catskill, driving very disastrous, one of them unfortunately fell through a hole in the ice and immediately disappeared. It is supposed the name of the gentleman who was in the sleigh was Wheeler; that he was from Lycoming county, Pennsylvania, and that he had friends living at the Hellsburg, in the county of Albany.

LONDON, December 15.

Extract of a letter from an Officer in one of the divisions of the army of Gen. Baird, dated Villa Franca, Nov. 29.

"I can only tell you that I am quite well, and fare as well as circumstances will permit. I got to Astorga from Oviedo, on the Wednesday evening, and on Thursday morning last, the 23d inst. the army retreated, but advanced again on Friday. A courier is going off to Lugo, by whom I send this. You must not be alarmed at not hearing from me often, as it is impossible. The French are in great force, near 100,000 men, it is said, at Burgo, Valladolid, Villavieja, and their cavalry at Rio Seco, and advancing about. The two English armies have not joined us, and it is uncertain when they will.

On Thursday last 23d I concluded we should have retreated much farther. As it was, I had to march on a continuance about 30 miles; casks of rum were stove at Astorga, &c. and every one thought the French to be very near; next day we advanced to our old positions. Blake's army, i. e. Roman's has

been completely defeated and scattered. There were only 3000 men at Leon a week ago, though the Spaniards would tell me every where that there were 30 or 40,000. If we cannot form a junction with Sir J. Moore or he with us, which must be the case, as we cannot leave the road to Carmona open to the French, both armies must retreat our last pass. This is a wretched country. I am sure the French would do them good, but as an Englishman I cannot wish them to gain a footing here; though I am afraid they will eventually succeed. It is said the French have pushed on in a column to Oviedo to pass by Lugo, and intercept our retreat, but that is uncertain. The Spaniards do not act with the spirit they might."

## SWINDLING.

Copenhagen, Oct. 8.—An article from Gottsburgh contains a remarkable trait of swindling, which deserves to be made public, not on account of its great boldness and audacity, but in order to put all merchants upon their guard against a similar occurrence.

One of the first houses in Gottsburgh received a letter from London, in which one was requested to instantly make the most diligent inquiries to discover a young Englishman, who had just fled from the house of a rich banker, and who they knew had embarked on board a ship freighted for Sweden. The description of the young man was given in this letter, and he was declared the author of a robbery to the amount of 12,000l. sterling in bank notes. "If you should find him," said the letter, "as he belongs to a respectable family, confine yourself to the making him recover the plunder; and after wards have the goodness to give him three hundred guineas in gold, which will take him to the Indies, where nothing more will be heard of him."—The Swedish merchant, to whom this letter was addressed, caused a thorough search to be made on all sides; at last being one day upon the Exchange, he perceived a young man whose figure and dress perfectly answered the description. He addressed him, and seeing that he was an Englishman, invited him to follow him.—The young man hesitated, reddened, turned pale, even shed tears; in a word before he had arrived at the merchant's house, he had confessed all. Arrived in his closet, he threw himself at his feet, begged of him not to be delivered up to justice, and gave him the 12,000l. sterling, which was still inclosed in a port-folio, with the seal of the banker. The Swedish Merchant made many serious remonstrances to him, but according to his instructions gave him the 300 guineas, and promised to procure him a favorable opportunity of going to Bengal.—He made haste to inform the Banker in London that his 12,000l. were recovered, who replied, that he did not understand what he meant.—The Bank Notes were all forged, but the 300 guineas given to the sharper were good.

A couple of sweeps, a few days ago, having occasion to pass the new bridge at Manchester, unluckily could muster only a single halfpenny between them. How to raise the other halfpenny to pay the toll they knew not, till one of them proposed to toss up which should carry the other over. This was done; one was instantly crammed into the bag, and lodged over on the shoulders of the other as a burthen of sin.

London Paper.

## COURT OF NYMEN.

Bliss is the maid, and worthy to be blest'd,  
Whom souls entire by him she loves possess'd,  
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,  
And asks no power but that of pleasing most.  
Here's the bliss, in sweet return to prove  
The honest warmth of undissembled love  
For her, inconstant man might cease to change,  
And gratitude forbids desire to range.

## MARRIED.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers Mr. William Stewart, to Mrs. Catharine Hopkins, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Myler Saxton to Mrs. Mary Parsons.

Some time since, by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Thomas Beckman, of this city, to Miss Esther Sherwood, of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

At Philadelphia, Mr. C. Montelius, to Miss Hannah Hishman.

At Baltimore, Mr. H. Potts, jun. to Miss Agnes Stuart.

## MORTALITY.

Child of a day, the being of an hour!  
He hurries swiftly thro' life's troubled scene,  
Treads the same path which thousands tread before,  
Then dies—and is as though he never had been.

## DIED.

On Sunday morning last, Mr. George Christie, cooper.

On the evening of the same day, after a lingering illness, which he sustained with christian fortitude and resignation, Mr. Isaac Van Hook, in the 90th year of his age.

On Thursday last, of a lingering illness, Mr. John Sharp, a native of Cork, Ireland.

At Albany, Miss Catherine Stevenson, the young daughter of John Stevenson.

At Boston, Miss Martha Babcock Greene, aged 17, daughter of Mr. David Greene.

At Charleston, Mrs. Amelia Casey Francis.

At Philadelphia, on the 9th inst. Mr. James Pemberton, in the 86th year of his age.

## SALES AT AUCTION.

BY ROBERT M'KENNEMY,

This evening, at half past 5 o'clock, at his Auction-Room, No. 120 Water-street, next to the

Tontine Coffee House,

A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS

AND STATIONARY.

February 18, 1869.

1040—12.

Elegant accomplishment in the most beautiful display of the vegetable kingdom.

MRS. MARTIN, Professor of Wax work, No. 12, Broad-street, presents her most respectful services to the fair daughters of America, and informs them, that she teaches Wax work, either in the taking of likenesses, or in imitating the various fruits of the earth, with their respective foliage, from the creeping strawberry to the lofty and delicious anana. She also instructs the making of Artificial Flowers, and various ornaments in Rock and other work—with the method of making Moulds, to cast at pleasure, in the most perfect shape, any thing that may be desired.—She will also repair Wax work.—Her terms for learning the above accomplishments are but Ten Dollars, a knowledge of which may be obtained in a few weeks, with only an attendance of two or three hours a day.

February 18, 1869.

1044—f

## BOOKS AND STATIONARY,

OR

EVERY DESCRIPTION,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

Bibles, Testaments, Monitor, Spelling-Books, Primers, Coughs, Fennings, Hamilton's, Walsh's, Walbridge's, and Dilworth's Arithmetics; Walkers, Sheridan's, Baylie's, Webster's, and Eticck's Dictionaries. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Ink Powder, Ink Stands, Pencil, Indian Rubber, Indian Ink, Blank Books, &c.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### A BALLAD.

Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds,  
Ye pelting rains a little rest;  
Lie still, ye still, ye busy thoughts  
Tast wrong with grief my aching breast.

Oh! cruel was my faithless love,  
To triumph o'er an artless maid;  
Oh cruel was my faithless love,  
To leave the breast by him betray'd.

When said'st thou to my native home,  
He should have whipp'd the bitter tear;  
Nar left me far and lone to roam  
A heart-sick weary wanderer here.

My child moans sad in my arms,  
The winds they will not let it sleep;  
Ah, little know, the hapless fair,  
What makes its wretched mother weep!

Now lie thee still, my infant dear,  
I cannot bear thy sobs to see,  
Hush is thy father, little one,  
And never will he acher thee.

Oh that I were but in my grave,  
And winds were piping o'er me loud,  
And thou my poor, my orphan Maid,  
Wert weeping in thy Mother's shroud!

### THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

Now help the Traveller, on thy Journey far;  
The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays  
The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow-ways,  
And darkness will involve thee—No wind star  
To-night will guide the Traveller,—and the war  
Of winds and elements, on thy head will break;  
And in thy agonizing ear the shriek,  
Of spirits howling on their stormy car  
Will often ring appalling—I portend  
A dismal end to all my wakeful bed  
Thoughts Traveller of thee, will fill my head,  
And him, who rides where winds, and waves contend,  
And strives, rude cradled on the sea, to guide  
His lonely bark thro' the tempestuous tide.

### THE LULLAY

Of a Female Convict to her Child, the Night previous to  
Execution.

Sleep Baby mine enkerchief on my bosom,  
Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast;  
Sleep Baby mine, not long thou'll have a mother  
To hush thee fondly in her arms to rest.

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining?  
Long from mine eyes have kind shutters fled;  
Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly waning,  
And I would fain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy weeping,  
When soon an outcast on the world thou'll be;  
Who then will soothe thee when thy mother's sleeping  
In her low grave of shame and infamy!

Sleep Baby mine—To-morrow I must leave thee,  
And I would snatch an interval of rest—  
Sleep these last moments ere the laws bereave thee,  
For never more thou'll press a mother's breast.

### A FEW FOR SALE

The Few, No. 140, in Christ's Church, being the second  
from the wall, in the north-west corner of the  
Church.—For terms apply at No. 104, Maiden-lane,

## LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG

Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano-Forte, at his  
residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following  
Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the  
progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only  
Twelve Scholars.
2. Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a  
time.
3. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week,  
from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.
4. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity,  
so as to render the instructions in their progress e-  
qually beneficial to all.
5. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition  
to commence.
6. Terms £12 50 cents per quarter, for each scholar.

Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils  
shall have the strictest attention paid to their accom-  
plishment in this branch of Polite Education.

N. B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the  
Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their  
Houses, if required.

For sale, a very fine toned German Piano-  
Forte, of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons London—  
selected by Mr. Frederick Stauch.

December 10, 1833. 1031—11

### CISTERNES,

Medesand put in the ground complete warranted  
tight, by  
C. ALFORD  
No 13 Catharine street, near the Watch house

### LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in  
general, that he has removed to No. 116, Broadway,  
where he admits a continuation of their custom, and  
flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his  
attention to business, will meet with their approba-  
tion. He has lately received, by arrival from Liver-  
pool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl  
Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Hair-rings, and  
Pearl ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins,  
Bracelets and Rings.

### ON WARE,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real  
Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and  
Coronet Keys, Gold ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings,  
Lockets, and Bracelets, Silver Tea-setts, Table, Tea,  
and Dessert Spoons; Soap Laddes and Fish Knives;  
Toilet-case, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors,  
Pen-knives, Best Whitehead, and Needles in quarters,  
and a great variety of other articles too numerous to  
mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic  
Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the short-  
est Notice.

January 28 1041—11

### JUST PUBLISHED, AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

#### LIEUTENANT RINCHAW,

OF THE ROYAL NAVY,  
INDICTED FOR CHALLENGING  
JOSEPH STRONN, ESQ.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

#### TO FIGHT A DUEL.

With the Speeches of the learned counsel, Colden,  
H. Mann, and Emmet.

Taken in Short-hand, by William Sampson, Esq.  
With an Appendix, containing the Proceedings of the  
Naval Court of Inquiry, held by order of the  
Secretary of the Navy.

December 31, 1838.

S. DAWSON'S,  
WARRANTED DURABLE INK,  
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,  
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No. 3, Peck Slip  
and at the Proprietor's, 48, Frankfort-street

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.  
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE  
ON MODERATE TERMS.

### RAGS.

For Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS  
at this office.

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHEMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,

NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or  
ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Lad-  
ies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Glycined Cornet Wash Bath  
far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying  
and preserving the skin from chapping, &c. in an agree-  
able perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that  
hold all the shaving apparatus complete in a small  
compass

Essence of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chemical Milk or Rosacea well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-  
ness or sunburn, and is very fine for gentlemen after  
shaving, with printed directions 3s 4s 6s and 12s  
per bottle, or 3 shillings per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the  
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey  
and is so perfect Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Very double scented Rose Hair Powder 2-6d  
Smith's Scurvy Cure Royal Paste for washing the  
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per  
box, 10s

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder for the  
teeth and gums, warranted 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural color  
to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or  
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superior Hair Powder. Also good paste  
for the skin, 3s per box

Smith's Curcassia or Astringent for curling, gloss-  
ing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from  
turning grey 3s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft  
Perfumers Paper pot or roll. Dotted do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip ointment of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpines Shaving Cream, made on che-  
mical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s  
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies' silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton  
Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemon for taking out iron mold

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic  
Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-  
knives, Scissors, Toilet-shell, Ivory and Horn  
combs, Superior white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving  
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-  
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Mars-elles Pomatum

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again  
January 1, 1838

### FOR SALE,

#### A FARM AND MILLS.

In the County of Orange, State of New York, two  
miles from Cornwall Landing, and 40 miles from the  
City of New York.—The Farm contains 120 acres,  
mostly good land, with sufficient meadow and wood;  
the best kinds of grained fruit, apples, pears, peaches,  
plums, &c. a good dwelling house, barn, and other  
out-houses, and a well by the door. The Mill is 40  
by 50 feet, built of stone. It is a strong building,  
with two run of Burr stones, and a good stream; and  
may be converted to carrying on any kind of manu-  
facture.—The whole is to be sold cheap, and a good  
title will be given by the subscriber, on the premisses.

December 17, 1838 1035—11

### NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON

### NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE